



ICEWIND D.A.E. ENHANCED EDITION

DUNGEONS & DRAGONS

Survival Guide to the North

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Table of Contents	1
Introduction	3
The World of Icewind Dale	5
Faerûn and the North	7
The Spine of the World	8
Easthaven	9
Kuldahar Pass	12
Kuldahar Valley	14
The Vale of Shadows	16
Lonelywood	18
The Northern Calendar	23
Note to the Player: Game Units	25
Bestiary of the North	27
Bears	28
Beetles	28
Carrion Crawlers	29
Ghouls	29
Goblins	30
Ogres	30
Sword Spiders	31

Trolls.....	31
Wolves	31

INTRODUCTION

Many tales have reached me of the south, and of the cities and caravans and wonders of Baldur's Gate and the lands around. These things no longer carry the wonder they once did since my journey north, to the Ten Towns. The accomplishments of men seem insignificant here, where all falls within the shadow of the Spine of the World.

There are many tales of the Spine of the World, there are times when I feel it is more a force than a range of mountains — one needs only look at them to feel their majesty and their presence. Since my wounding on the battlefield in service to Tempus, I have had much time to reflect on virtues and what is noble in life — in fact, I have little else to occupy my time than write since taking my position here in Easthaven. Thus, it has to come to pass that within this volume are my writings on Easthaven, Kuldahar, and the lands around. One of the local leaders, Hrothgar, has gifted me with some of his tales and advice, and I have taken some of his quotes to fill the pages of this volume — not all, for were I to record all he says, his ramblings would fill another volume. Nonetheless, there is the wisdom of the battlefield in him, and his words ring true.

Heed this volume, know its ways of battle and spells, tactics and movement. What you read here may keep you from death's door. The path to victory lies in knowing your strengths... and using them as a hammer against your enemies.

If you are deserving, then may Veiros's flank be facing you when the battle is joined.

—Everard, Trusted Sword, Order of the Broken Blade
Easthaven, Eleint 1281 DR, the Year of the Cold Soul

THE WORLD OF ICEWIND DALE



FAERÛN AND THE NORTH

The North is but a small part of Faerûn, and this should be sufficient to give you an idea of how big the world of Toril truly is. Most of what you are about to read in this text has been taken from my reading of the many-authored volume titled "The Wilderness." It is an illuminating text, well written, and you'll find much of the information valuable in your journeys — if not before, then afterwards.

The North is a huge wilderness that attracts adventurers and settlers — and even those who have settled for a life without adventure, as I have. The wilds are filled with the cavernous wreckage of dwarven strongholds, ruins of ancient cultures, and a steady stream of settlers and explorers who seek to tame the frontier — or are looking for a place far away from the taxes, laws, and city watch that govern the civilizations of the south.

Wherever in Faerûn a traveler roams, the North is called by a different name — the Barbaric or Barbarian North, the Barbaric Lands, the Frontier, the North, the Savage Frontier, and the Wildlands. Whatever the name, it is a place that nature, first and foremost, rules. It is a rugged land of jagged, snowcapped peaks, and great stretches of alpine forests.

The area of Easthaven is but one of many tiny, frigid villages clinging to survival. They endure, but it is a hard life, and the only war that comes to Easthaven is the battle against the elements.

—Everard

THE SPINE OF THE WORLD

What isn't there to say about the North? I have looked at Everard's "complete" writings on Easthaven with some skepticism. I am not a man of letters, but it seems that trying to put the North to paper is like trying to drink the Sea of Swords. Still, if one limits words to what things are of use, the effort becomes manageable. And if it saves me from lecturing another caravan master on the dangers of the North, then that is more time I may spend enjoying a tankard in the Winter's Cradle.

Most travelers have little to say other than to speak ill of the cold and the chill, but I have lived here for nearly a ten-year, and there is much to know about the North. I'll speak of the settlements in the area first, as the ability to understand and remember the location of any roof with a fireplace is seldom difficult for any visitor to the North.

The area of "Kuldahar Pass" that brushes the Spine of the World touches three places — Easthaven, Kuldahar Valley, and the town of Kuldahar itself. Stick to this route as you travel through the region — straying from the road will fast bring danger to you, whether from the winter's snows or the beasts that lurk in them.

For now, listen, read, and remember: The evils that live in the shadows of the Spine of the World are not nearly as forgiving as I am.

—Hrothgar

EASTHAVEN



- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Winter's Cradle Tavern | 6. Old Jed's House |
| 2. Snowdrift Inn | 7. Temple of Tempus |
| 3. Pomab's Emporium | 8. Road to Kuldahar |
| 4. Hrothgar's House | 9. Gaspar the Fishmonger |
| 5. Apsel the Scrimshander | |

If you take comfort in large cities, there'll be little in Easthaven to your liking. The people are hard-working, good folk, and the primary source of gold for the region is fishing knucklehead trout — but if you've come with the caravan, you'd know that. Knucklehead trout can be found nowhere else in the realms, and it's what drove most of the men of Easthaven into these wastes.

As for your behavior in town, my only word of warning to you is this: Show no steel in town, or else your journey will come to an end quicker than you can use it. The cold of the North has made the people of Easthaven tougher than a southerner can imagine. For travelers looking for a tankard or three to chase away the chill of the road, the Winter's Cradle Tavern will be to your liking — the bar's run by a kindly woman by the name of *Grisella*, and while her stock may not be the best you've ever tasted, it's the best you'll get this far north.

If you're looking to stay overnight, then seek out the Snowdrift Inn, especially if your caravan holds a mage upon its ranks and traveling has exhausted his spells — he can refresh his mind for the journey ahead.

If you need supplies, seek out Pomab's Emporium — Pomab is a Calishite, but try not to hold that against him; keep your tongue in check, and you'll find everything you need to outfit yourself to make through the pass. If your patience is short, however, you might wish to simply wait to resupply yourself in Kuldahar — *Gerth* of Kuldahar is said to be a good enough sort, and far easier to deal with than Pomab. Still, Kuldahar is a good sixty miles from Easthaven, so you may not be able to afford to wait.

There are some others in town that may catch your interest — you're always free to visit me, of course — my home is on the northern portion of town, and news of the south is always welcome. If you want to see some fine art pieces, visit *Apsel* the Scrimshander — you might be able to purchase some pieces that will fetch a fine price down south. If you're in need of a boat or advice on fishing, visit *Old Jed*, but best do so in the afternoon, when he's had a chance to sleep off the wine from the night before, but not yet found a supply for the night ahead.

If you wish to pay your respects or seek an augury, seek out the Temple of Tempus in the northwestern section of town. Everard is the battle-priest of the temple, though you might find him in less than pleasant spirits. Though it is fortunate that there is not much to occupy his prayers here in the wastes, far from war and conflict, it wears on him, and many are the times he seems to long for battle and another chance to prove himself. Yet Easthaven is unlikely to offer either — and that's the way I prefer it.

—Hrothgar

KULDAHAR PASS



The pass itself is probably the most difficult part of the journey, as the pass is only usable by foot traffic or caravans with pack animals. Raiders or marauders are rare, and perhaps the biggest danger is being trapped by the snows. If you find yourself trapped in the pass, either set up camp or go in search of one of the outlying farmsteads that lie in the Pass. There's the mill run by Joaquin, his daughter, and his son, Jermsy — and there's the great watchtower that overlooks the pass, and the Ghoson's farmhouse. All of them are friendly folk, willing to host a traveler for the night — just be sure to extend them every courtesy, and be fair with the coin if they offer you shelter and a place at their table. Names of the guests lacking in courtesy travel among the locals, so keep that in mind.

Don't stray far from the main road, and never go alone — though you shouldn't have to worry about raiders, there's plenty of wild creatures such as bears and even some beetles that are known to make their homes in the walls of the Pass.

It is recommended you rest in Easthaven and begin hiking the pass in the early morning — it is less than a day's journey to the great oak of Kuldahar, and the light of the sun will speed your journey. Nighttime does little except place you in danger.

—Hrothgar

KULDAHAR VALLEY



- | | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. The Evening Shade | 8. Temple of Ilmater |
| 2. The Root Cellar | 9. Conlan's Smithy |
| 3. Gerth's Equipment Shoppe | 10. Arundel's House |
| 4. Airship | 11. Urnst the Potter |
| 5. Tower of Orrick the Gray | 12. Road to the Vale of Shadows |
| 6. Road to the Pass | |
| 7. Hjollder's House | |

If you've never been to Kuldahar, and few have, then be prepared for one of the greatest visions the North has to offer. Kuldahar is one of the wonders that lie in the shadow of the Spine of the World — the entire town lies wrapped around a great oak from

which warmth springs, the heat sufficient to melt the snows around it and creating a climate more to a southerner's liking. Its roots give shelter to the numerous buildings, including the Evening Shade, run by a pleasant fellow by the name of Eidan, and the Root Cellar, run by Whitcomb and his handful of barmaids (greet Amelia for me should you find your way here for a tankard). If you are running low on food or other supplies and wish to restock your supplies here in Kuldahar, seek out Cjerth's Equipment Shoppe. He's a minor historian of sorts, and if you've any trinkets, documents, or books, he'll pay good coin for them. He and Everard trade information on occasion, from news to even magical relics that may be lost somewhere in the region (see "Magical Items in Icewind Dale" in the companion volume, *Mastering Melee & Magic*).

—Hrothgar

It is said that there is a strange device, an "airship" that lies in the shade of the tree, and that it is the residence of an odd gnome alchemist by the name of Fiddlebender who sells potions and antidotes, but I know little else. If my duties allowed me to travel more, I would gladly go see it with my own eyes.

Though Easthaven has no such practitioner of the arts, it is said there is a mage of some knowing within Kuldahar, Orrick the Gray. I know little of the man, as he keeps to his own affairs, but he has a tower within the town, and he is said to deal in magic items.

Of late, I have heard reports of a shaman, far from his barbarian homeland, lodging in a long-abandoned shack near the Ilmatari temple. It is whispered that Hjollder, as he is known, seeks powerful heroes for an unknown purpose.

—Everard

THE VALE OF SHADOWS



The Vale of Shadows lies only a few hours northeast of Kuldahar — the Vale is a great canyon of crypts and tombs, some of them dating back centuries. Shadows cling to the walls of the canyon, even in the brightest day, and some of the shadows walk, carrying their burden of hatred and hunger with them. Beware this place.

It is said to be the last resting place of the northern general Kresselack the Black Wolf, but no historians have desired to enter the Vale and test the truth of the rumor. It is said Kresselack's hands were as blood, his footsteps like that of a winter wolf in the snows, and his troops struck like arrows into the hearts of towns and hamlets across the Spine of the World. Where his name was spoken, it was a curse, and it was with great relief to the people that dared live in the Spine the day he gave up his spirit. It is said

the wind howled the day that Kresselack's blade fell from his hands and his corpse was placed within the Vale's keeping.

There is no good to come from the living setting foot in the Vale, and the shadows that lurk there are best undisturbed. Let evil feed on its own hollow rewards.

—Everard

Everard's warning is sound; heed it, and you'll live longer. The dead walk in the Vale, and while they have yet to leave their crypts, don't give them a reason to. If you ignore this warning, you'll answer to the swords of Easthaven and Kuldahar.

—Hrothgar

LONELYWOOD



- | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. The Whistling Gallows Inn | 5. Cartwright's House |
| 2. Shrine of Waukeen | 6. Trappers' Cabin |
| 3. Ranger's Cabin | 7. The Boathouse |
| 4. The Cooper's Place | 8. Gravedigger's Shack |
| | 9. The Trading Post |

Straddling the rocky shores of Maer Dualdon and the alpine forest of Lonely Wood from which the town borrowed its name, Lonelywood has the dubious honor of being the northernmost settlement in all of Faerûn. The town lies in the shadow of Kelvin's Cairn, and the solitary mountain peak acts as a barrier that shelters both the town and forest against the harsh winds that

blow down from the Reghed Glacier. Although the town is protected from the wind, the weather is hardly temperate. Snow still covers the ground year round, and at night the temperature drops below freezing.

Lonelywood is one of the youngest of the Ten Towns. It was only in recent years that it was recognized by the council as the tenth town. Fifty years ago, there was nothing in the way of civilized settlements north of Termalaine, and the area surrounding the Lonely Wood was rife with logger camps and lone trappers. With the establishment of the Whistling Gallows Inn, however, Lonelywood gained a sense of permanency, and a small town slowly grew up around the Inn.

Its isolated position in the North makes Lonelywood vulnerable to attacks from the barbarian tribes that dwell in the icy plains surrounding the Ten Towns.

The Whistling Gallows Inn is the heart of Lonelywood, in fact, it's said to be the first structure ever built in Lonelywood... it certainly has the most colorful history of all the buildings in town.

Back when the area surrounding Lonely Wood was rife with logger camps and trappers, a giant of a man, Skeld, came to Lonelywood and took up work in one of the logging camps. Half barbarian and half ogre, Skeld's great size and strength were welcomed and quickly put to good use. Misfortune struck, however, when Skeld nearly severed his leg in a logging accident, not only could he no longer keep pace with the other woodsmen, he could not even make the journey south in search of new work. His survival on the line, Skeld came upon the idea of building a lodge on Lake Maer Dualdon and opening it up to the loggers as a tavern. Soon, every logger in the region knew and oft frequented

"Skeld's Place," as it was called back then (Skeld didn't hold much with fanciful names, and in truth, thinking them up made his head hurt).

The loggers and trappers were a rough bunch who enjoyed their liquor, and Skeld hadn't really considered the trouble that could result in selling cheap ale to anyone with a few coppers to rub together. On the very first night, Skeld was forced to lay down the law, using his sheer size and strength to keep order, and it wasn't long before he earned himself a fearful reputation for his brutality. According to stories, one of his favorite methods of keeping patrons in line was to hang particularly rowdy miscreants from the dead tree that stood out front of the tavern and let the frozen bodies swing from the tree until the scavengers picked them clean. It was an effective warning... so much so that late at night, when the tavern had fallen silent, the whistling of the wind could be heard as it blew through the bodies dangling from the tree outside.

Eventually, Skeld was stabbed to death in a bar brawl, and the ownership of the tavern changed hands. The new proprietor, Murdaugh (a bard of some repute and possessing a flair for names that Skeld never did), changed the name of the tavern to the Whistling Gallows. Murdaugh ran the inn for many years (into the ground, it's said), until it was purchased by a traveling merchant, Kieran Nye. Kieran is reported to be a kind enough sort, though he tends to use too many big words and sweeping gestures to convey a point. Murdaugh still frequents the place and even gives performances on occasion.

Aside from the Whistling Gallows, there are a number of other businesses in town. The simple cabin on the southeast side of town is home to the local ranger, Emmerich Hawksinger. A skilled woodworker, Emmerich makes his living by making and selling

bows carved from the local fir trees to merchants and the local townsfolk.

The two-storied home of the cartwright is second in size only to the Whistling Gallows Inn and is the home of Baldemar Thurlow. Baldemar has done exceptionally well for himself since coming to Lonelywood; his success comes from his contracts with the trading costers (trade families) of the Ten Towns to construct caravan wagons, which keeps him busy and his coffers full. His wealth and eye for business has done more than make him rich, however, it has also won him a seat on the council of the Ten Towns, and he has served as Lonelywood's representative for many years.

Near the shore of the lake, one can find a boathouse, the home and workplace (often the same in Lonelywood) of an aging boat builder, Thom Farold, and his son Ned. Several small boats of various styles and constructions litter the yard — none too large, mostly canoe size, although word has it that the boat builder is working on a much larger vessel. Thom's son is said to be available to carry fishermen out onto Maer Dualdon for the price of a few coppers.

On the northwestern edge of town is the trappers' cabin, a rough shack that serves as the home of three crude brothers. The three are drifters who came into town a few months back and have decided to stay, much to the irritation of the other townsfolk. They have taken little care in their cabin's upkeep, and the sagging structure looks as if it is about to collapse at any moment.

Surprisingly enough, Lonelywood also boasts a shrine of Waukeen.

This small house of worship is dedicated to the goddess of trade, money, and wealth, and it is quite a change from a standard Waukeenar temple (such structures are usually more akin to castles bedecked with jewels). Even odder, it is said that this temple was established by a halfling priest, a missionary from Amn who has taken up residence here.

The mid-sized structure on the northeast part of town is both the workshop and home of Tybald Dunn, the town cooper. It is not hard to miss; outside the house are finished and unfinished barrels, wooden planks, iron bands, and so on.

The last (and smallest) building in town is the shack of Purvis, the local gravedigger. Not much is known about him, nor are any willing to get close enough to find out, as Purvis is said to be coated so thickly in dirt and grime that it is not known if he even wears clothes beneath the filth.

—Everard

THE NORTHERN CALENDAR

It is important you understand the Forgotten Realms calendar, if only for knowing the meaning behind the dates in your save games. Daytime is described by the use of a 24-hour clock, as the day in the world of Toril is 24 hours long. For simplicity, the AM (for time before noon) and PM (for time after noon) conventions are used herein.

A year in the North consists of 360 days: 12 months of exactly 30 days each. Three ten-day weeks are in each month, but herein we refer to days as they relate to the month (that is, one through 30 of a specific month, rather than specific days of the week). The months are summarized in the table below. Each month's name is followed by a colloquial description of that month (plus the roughly corresponding month of the Gregorian calendar in parentheses).

Years are referred to by numbers, using the system known as Dalereckoning (DR): Dalereckoning is taken from the year that humans were first permitted by the Elven Court to settle in the more open regions of the forests.

For Forgotten Realms aficionados, Icewind Dale is actually a step back in time for the Forgotten Realms — the game itself takes place in Eleint, 1281 DR, Year of the Cold Soul. (This is sixteen years prior to Drizzt's arrival on the surface, as mentioned in the Icewind Dale Trilogy of books by R.A. Salvatore.) Your characters will be literally making history as they adventure through the game, and their actions may be felt in the decades and centuries ahead...

NAME	GREGORIAN MONTH	COLLOQUIAL DESCRIPTION
Hammer	January	Deepwinter
Alturiak	February	The Claw of Winter or the Claws of the Cold
Ches	March	Of the Sunsets
Tarsakh	April	Of the Storms
Mirtul	May	The Melting
Kythorn	June	The Time of Flowers
Flamerule	July	Summertide
Eleasias	August	Highsun
Eleint	September	The Fading
Marpenoth	October	Leafall
Uktar	November	The Rotting
Nightal	December	The Drawing Down

NOTE TO THE PLAYER: GAME UNITS

A game round in Icewind Dale is six seconds long in real time. The round in the AD&D game is 60 seconds; hence, time in Icewind Dale is compressed approximately tenfold when compared to the standard AD&D rule set.

A turn is 10 rounds; that is, 60 seconds. This term is used in some of the spell descriptions in the second manual, *Mastering Melee & Magic*.

A game day (representing 24 hours in the game, dawn to dusk to dawn again) is 2 hours long in real time, again about a tenfold reduction in time in the game.

Each time the party rests, 8 hours pass (the equivalent of about 40 minutes of running game time).

BESTIARY OF THE NORTH



It has been said that the North is a hunter's paradise, but one must be a hunter first, or else it'll be the beasts that'll be taking the pleasure of the hunt.

Pray you never have to encounter some of these beasts. Still, if you do, these words may be of some help in emerging from the chance meeting still wearing your skin.

Here are some beasts of mention that have been seen in Kuldahar Pass and the Spine of the World.

—Hrothgar

BEARS

Bears tend to avoid humans unless you enter their territory or happen to be bleeding anywhere near them while they're hungry. Large and powerful animals, the bears of the North tend to be vicious specimens with claws that can shatter a tree trunk when provoked — so keep that in mind before you run up a tree to avoid them.

BEETLES

Oddly enough, a number of beetles inhabit the North. Ranging from the small fire beetles to the larger and more dangerous giant beetles and bombardier beetles, these creatures tend to lair deep in caves or in cellars. One pack of fire beetles invaded the cellars of Apsel's house last winter, and since then, the people of Easthaven have kept an eye out for them. The presence of the great oak of Kuldahar and its warmth may somehow draw them to the region.

Their armored hides make them difficult to hit, and they can usually take several blows from a sword or staff before dying.

CARRION CRAWLERS

There has only been one sighting of this creature: near Kuldahar, bordering the Vale of Shadows. It had been feasting on a caravan guard that had stepped out to relieve himself of his "traveler's burden." The creature was driven off with arrows, but since then, Kuldahar has watched the road to the Vale of Shadows carefully.

The carrion crawler is a scavenger that tends to lurk in deep caves, trash pits, and graveyards, feeding primarily upon carrion and waste, though it has been known to attack living targets if its food or territory is threatened. It's an ugly creature, like a huge green rot grub with the head of an octopus. It's Everard's belief that carrion crawlers are the result of some mage's experiments, and there's no reason to discount it. They stink to the high hells, and it's the smell that often gives them away as they approach.

The nastiest thing about these oversized worms is that their tentacles can paralyze a man with a touch, allowing the crawler to feed on him while he's helpless.

GHOULS

Ghouls are one of the undead — humans who have changed and now feed on the flesh of corpses. It's said there's a mess of them in the Vale of Shadows. They're deranged creatures, but they hunt like wolves and have a certain hunter's cunning when they stalk their prey. They walk hunched, and their hands have changed into

long, elongated claws. If they claw a target, they have a chance of paralyzing it like a carrion crawler, so if you're unfortunate enough to encounter one of these creatures, run or try to kill it from a distance.

GOBLINS

The nastiest pests of the goblinoid races, goblins are small humanoids that are known to infest the Spine of the World in great numbers, breeding like flies, killing each other, then starting the cycle all over again. Though they rarely raid as far as Kuldahar and Easthaven, there are rumored to be thousands of them in the mountains of the Spine of the World. The northern goblins typically use crude axes and bows and are led by "marshals," tougher goblins who've managed to bully the others into following them. Take heed: If you see one, don't alert it to your presence — check to see if others are about. They almost always travel in packs.

OGRES

Ogres are big, ugly, greedy humanoids that live by ambushes, raids, and theft. Standing about one and a half the height of a man, ogres are ill-tempered thugs, often found serving as mercenaries in the ranks of orc tribes. Fortunately, they're as stupid as stones, and they're often too lazy or dumb to track down a fleeing person. If you pick a fight with one, keep in mind that ogres are almost as strong and tough as three or four average men — a single strike by one of their clubs is usually enough to kill a man instantly.

An ogre was seen in Kuldahar Pass two years ago, but the guards at the watchtower were able to drive it away with arrows. The Pass is usually too far for ogres to travel, as they make their lairs in the Spine of the World.

SWORD SPIDERS

Spiders dwell both above and below ground. Eight legs, eight eyes, and most are poisonous — but sword spiders are more like the heavy soldiers of the spider realm. They have huge mandibles that resemble broad swords and cut men in half with a single swipe. While I have yet to see any in Easthaven, they've been known to appear in small numbers in Kuldahar during the summer months.

TROLLS

Count yourself fortunate if you never encounter a troll. Huge, spindly creatures with black wiry hair and burning red eyes, trolls possess great strength, speed, and a hunger for any flesh they can find. If you are trapped into an encounter, use fire and acid against them — trolls regenerate quickly from their wounds, and only fire and acid do lasting harm. Wounds caused by other weapons heal almost as soon as they strike the troll, reducing their effectiveness.

WOLVES

The wolf is an active, cunning creature, and the northern variety has made many a meal of a careless hunter. These past few months have seen a rise in the number of wolves in the region, not only has Ghoson in the pass complained about them stealing his

chickens, but there's been one lurking around Easthaven that seems to be drawn by the smell of the knucklehead trout in Apsel the Scrimshander's house. I've been meaning to mount a hunting party to go find it, but I'm waiting until the weather calms before gathering an expedition.

—Hrothgar

This is but a small sample of the creatures that inhabit the Spine of the World. While these are more common than most, the Spine gives birth to others on occasion, and even draws other monsters to its shadow.

I find it difficult to put this last bit to paper, for I know not of its truth — but the auguries of late have been dark, far darker than anything I have since encountered since coming here. I know not what these omens portend of, but travelers should take care.

Travel in the light, and make sure you are well armed.

—Everard